



Time After Time - Mileven by roses for marianne

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Summary: "If you're lost, you can look and you will find me Time after time If you fall, I will catch you, I'll be waiting Time after time" Just a collection of Mileven (Mike x Eleven) one-shots that I randomly thought of. Rated T for language.

1. What She Meant To Him

What was Max Mayfield doing in a bus with one emotionally confused teenage boy and two socially awkward younger boys?

That was what she was asking herself. Lucas brought her here, saying that he had "proof" of what he had been talking about was real, although she had yet to see it. There was nothing but awkward silence and, in an attempt to kill it, she brought up what Mike said to her that time in the gym, before she was weirdly thrown off her skateboard.

"By the way, you two, what's up with Mike?" Lucas and Dustin immediately turned their heads to her at the sound of their friend's name being dropped. They wore expressions of worry and concern as if they instantly assumed something bad had happened to him.

"*What?!* What do you mean what's wrong with him?" Dustin interrogated her, leaning in and being too close to Max for her comfort. Lucas did her a favor, gently nudging him away.

"What are you talking about, Max? Is there something wrong with him?" She shook her head.

"No... It's just the other day. I asked him why I couldn't be in your stupid little party and he said that it was already full and this girl, Eleven, was the mage. And when I asked him about it, he said that she was both nobody and someone that moved away."

The two boys' looked downwards. They already had a good idea of what their answer would be. They took their eyes off the floor of the bus to exchange glances.

"You tell her." Dustin said. Lucas shook his head wildly.

"Nuh-uh, *you* tell her. I already told her *pretty* much everything else. It's only fair." Dustin released a big sigh and whisper-screamed,

"Ugh, *fine*." He turned to Max, obviously annoyed.

"Tell me what?" she asked.

"So... Eleven, or 'El' as we, or mostly Mike, like to call her, was..." He scratched his head, trying to come up with the appropriate words to say. "Well, let's just say she was really, *really* important to Mike."

There was no need for Max to say anything other than, "Oh." She understood very clearly what Dustin was saying, but he continued to go on.

"Like, my god, he loved her although he'd never admit it. After she disappeared, he was like a zombie, and they still called Will the 'zombie boy'. He got *super* depressed for, like, a month. He'd skip class sometimes and, some days, not even talk to us at all. Eventually, his parents got sick of his shit and he pretended to be normal, but we all knew he was still obviously hurting. She was the 'Juliet' to his 'Romeo'. Or the 'Sam Baker' to his 'Jake Ryan'." (1984 **Sixteen Candles** ref.) Lucas stifled a laugh as did Dustin. They began imitating a heartsick Mike.

"Oh, *El*, I'd give my whole entire life just to see you again!" Lucas mocked.

"El, I love you! Please come back so I can marry you!" Dustin guffawed.

"El, *please* come back to me! I miss you so, so much!"

"My heart aches everyday I don't see you!"

The three of them, Max included, started laughing. Steve looked at them with a raised eyebrow, probably wondering what the hell he was doing with his life.

"Oh my god, I'm crying..." Lucas said between gasps for air. He was laughing so hard he was crying. Dustin didn't let an opportunity pass by to razz him about it and he started laughing harder.

"Please do us a favor and don't tell Mike about this. If he heard us, he'd probably freakin' maul us. Mike *hates* it when we tease him about El." he asked of Max.

It was clear to her why Mike had gotten so upset that day. He was so clearly in love with this girl, Eleven, and it'd kill him to accept Max

into their party because it'd be like giving up on and replacing El, although that was and will never be Max's intention. Eleven was an integral part of their group and it wouldn't kill Max to wait until she was back (if she'd ever be back) to try again to be a part of their party.

2. See You Again

"Go away! Go away!"

Will nearly screamed out his lungs telling the shadow monster heading directly towards him to leave him be, but to no avail. Chills ran down his spine, his entire being, but his feet stayed firmly planted in the ground.

Just be brave. Please just let me be brave... he thought as the monster came closer.

As soon as he was about to be swallowed by it, a girl's voice rang out, forcing the monster to halt.

"Stop it! Leave him alone!"

Through the darkness, he could barely see a girl running up to him. She looked like his age, with short and curly dark locks, wearing a dark green jacket and light blue jeans.

And to his surprise, the monster retreated and his surroundings went back to normal. He was back outside the school. He didn't know who this girl was, but she saved him.

"T-T-Thank you!" He mentally sighed at his being tongue-tied. After all, he didn't have a lot of experience talking to females. Whenever he did, they'd immediately run for the hills, if not insulting him right before.

"Will!"

That voice he definitely recognized. Behind her, he could see Mike running towards them, clearly concerned for his friend. Upon seeing the girl next to him, Mike's footsteps slowed to a crawl.

"Will... who's that?"

Will shrugged and turned back to the girl only to see that, just like every normal girl that he ever tried to talk to, ran right past him, not even sparing a glance at Mike. Was she... *crying*? It sure looked like

it.

"Hey... Hey!" Will called out to her, but she was unresponsive and continued running away from them into the woods nearby. He chased after her reflexively, wanting to know at least her name. It proved quite difficult, seeing as he wasn't much of a runner, if at all. With the sound of rapid footsteps behind him, he turned to see Mike sprinting towards them as well, seemingly more focused on the girl than Will. "Hey, wait! At least tell me your name!" Will pleaded, but she refused and shook her head.

At one point, he had to pause to catch his breath and watched Mike dart right past him; his attention completely taken by Will's savior.

What is up with him? Will thought to himself, after seeing Mike's strange behavior. If he didn't know better, he'd assume he knew her or something... But wait... did he?

"El!" Mike yelled after the girl. "Eleven!"

No way... So *she* was Eleven? The girl that had saved him from the Upside Down and whom Mike, Lucas, nor Dustin couldn't stop talking about after he'd woken up from the hospital? The one who they said had disappeared after defeating the Demogorgon?

The girl, or Eleven, briefly looked behind her and made direct eye contact with Mike, tears in her eyes. She shook her head once again before turning her whole body towards him and stretching out a hand. Mike recoiled, putting his arms in front of his face.

"El, *no!*"

The fallen rotting leaves that lie all around them suddenly flew upwards, cloaking Eleven. The sound of footsteps resumed, eventually falling silent. When the leaves returned to their spots on the ground, she was gone and Mike was left with nothing but a shocked Will. His arms fell to his sides and his knees buckled from under him.

"Mike!" Will ran up to him, crouching down to see if he was all right. The devastated look in his face did not make it appear so. His

breathing was also uneven. "Mike! Mike! Jesus, are you okay?"

Wiping away the newly formed tears in his eyes, Mike nodded and slowly got up from the ground.

"Y-Yeah... I'm good..." Will was reasonably doubtful about that.

"You sure...?" Mike nodded, a (hopeful?) smile appearing on his lips.

"Mmm-hmm. Because now I know." Will raised an eyebrow. "Now I know she's out there." Mike had a very determined expression on his face. "And I'm never gonna give up on looking for her."

He turned his back towards Will and started walking around, calling out,

"El! Are you there?! I'm gonna find you! You hear me?! *Eleven!*"

In the meantime, she hid, crouched behind a tree a good number of feet away from the two boys, but still able to hear Mike desperately calling for her. Tears stung her eyes as she tried to calm her breathing.

"Mike..."

3. Venting

[One of my reviewers wanted Max and El to be friends, so here you go. What better way to befriend a girl than to antagonize another? I'm just kidding, of course.]

Her long brown hair flowed down to the middle of her back, her clear blue eyes alluring, and her matching light blue lacy dress beautiful... and she irritated Eleven to no end. Just who the hell did she think she was?

El wanted to ask her that, watching the girl come too close to Mike for El's comfort. She glared at her from the other side of the cafeteria, sitting with her best friends, Lucas, Dustin, and, her newest friend whom she was still a bit awkward around, Max. Even after everything that happened, Eleven was still a little hesitant to befriend Max, but it wasn't her that posed a real threat to El's and Mike's relationship: it was this brunette girl.

Seeing their friend become tense and staring daggers at the brunette, Lucas, Dustin, and Will reflexively scooted away from her. They weren't afraid of what would happen to them, however. They were afraid of what would happen to whatever poor girl managed to piss her off. Max laid a comforting hand on El's shoulder. El whipped her head around, her emotions almost out of control.

"Don't worry about her. Mike would never-" Eleven cut her off.

"I trust Mike. It's her I don't trust." Max released a sigh.

"Okay, but you have to calm down. You know you're not allowed to use your powers here and you look like you're about to burst." She gestured to the exit. "Wanna go vent?"

El looked at Max hesitantly, glanced back at Mike and the girl, then turned back to Max with a look of certainty. "Hell yeah." Max's lips curved mischievously and she took El's hand in hers before leading her out of the school.

"Hey, wait, where the hell do you guys think you're going?" Dustin

asked them, but they said nothing and walked out of the cafeteria. Dustin scoffed and looked back to Lucas and Will, who both exchanged glances and shrugged.

Max took her to the junkyard where she first encountered the Demodogs a few months ago before Eleven closed the gate for good (hopefully). El looked around, being comforted by the familiar surroundings.

"A-Are we allowed to do this?" she nervously asked as Max moved some scrap metal away from the bus.

"Yeah," she replied nonchalantly. "it should still be recess. Besides," She pushed away another piece of junk from the bus. "we're doing this for a good cause: you." After she did all she could to clear things away from the bus, Max stood at El's side. "This is a good place for you to come practice using your powers since there's no one around to see you." She pointed at the abandoned school bus right in front of them. "Now do you think you can lift that bus?" El turned her head to face Max with a confident smile.

"I don't think. I know." Max returned her smile and stepped back a few feet for safety.

"Okay then! Let 'er rip!"

Eleven stretched out her hand and focused all her energy on lifting the bus. It made her think of Kali and her words echoed throughout her head.

"I want you to find something in your life; something that angers you." The brunette girl in the pretty blue dress walking closer to Mike.

"Now channel it." Her imagination went into a frenzy, playing against her. She imagined the girl smiling cruelly at her.

"Dig deeper." The girl's face inched closer to Mike's and El began bleeding from both her nostrils.

"No!" she screamed.

By this time, the bus was a couple feet off of the ground. Max's eyes

widened in awe and shock with her jaw hanging agape. She fist-pumped and cheered El on.

"Oh my god, you are *awesome*! Completely and totally awesome!" However, Max seemed ignorant to El's fury until the bus was lifted significantly higher. "Um... El?" She reluctantly walked over to her, her hand cautiously hovering over Eleven's shoulder. "Are you... all right...?" When she didn't respond, Max started getting increasingly worried. She stood in front of El, grasping her shoulders and making direct eye contact with her. "Eleven, please. Put the bus down... for me?"

El's eyes softened as she realized what she was doing. No, she was not like Kali and she never wanted to be like her. She didn't want to be always driven by her anger. Grunts escaped her as she set the bus down as carefully as she could. The bus hit the ground with a light thud. Max wrapped an arm around El's shoulder and tried to support her by putting El's arm over her own.

"Thank you... Max." The ginger nodded and smiled.

"I think that's the first time you ever called me by my name." Eleven couldn't resist the urge to giggle.

"You are friend, Max." Max giggled back.

"El is friend too."

About 20 minutes later, the two girls were both resting in the infirmary after school. Max wasn't able to support El for much longer after they finally returned to school, which had just been dismissed, and they both collapsed in front of four familiar horrified boys who screamed for help.

A concerned and overprotective Mike hovered over his girlfriend, who rested on a bed across from Max. Lucas stroked her hand as she laid in bed. El slowly opened her eyes, lips curving into a smile as Mike came into view and all traces of her jealousy instantaneously evaporated.

The next day, Max landed herself in detention after knocking out a

certain girl, but Eleven made sure she didn't spend it alone.

4. His White Knight

If Eleven ever saw, she would flip the fuck out.

A dark circle surrounded Mike Wheeler's right eye, marring his fair skinned face.

Troy and James, or the "mouthbreathers" as El dubbed them, had cornered him in one of the boys' restrooms and things became physical when Troy started bad-mouthing El right in front of him. After all, she was his girlfriend and he was *not* going to take any shit from Troy if it involved her. He managed to incapacitate them by delivering two swift, brutal blows to their crotches, but not before Troy's fist made contact with the right side of Mike's face.

Dustin, Will, and Lucas sat around in the infirmary, looking worried, while the nurse was taking a look at Mike.

"That's quite a shiner, Mr. Wheeler. What happened?" the nurse asked while preparing an ice pack.

"I tripped." he lied, but the nurse was having trouble believing him.

"You tripped...?"

"Y-Yeah... I hit my face on a desk." The nurse placed the ice pack gently on his swollen eye and sighed softly.

"Alright then... Make sure to keep this on your eye and get plenty of rest." Mike only nodded, clutching the ice pack with his hand and keeping it on his bruise. The boys took this as their cue to get up from their seats.

"He's free to go, right?" asked Will.

With a nod of her head, the three boys helped Mike out of the infirmary. Classes had already been dismissed a few minutes ago and, luckily, Eleven shared her last period class with Max on the other side of the school, so Mike had a clear shot to his bike.

Although El could possibly be avoided, that didn't mean the other

three boys would remain silent. They interrogated him as soon as he stepped a foot out of the nurse's office.

"Okay, so what actually did happen?" Lucas went straight to the point. Mike groaned, opening his mouth to reiterate his story.

"I told you-

"Oh, that is *bullshit*, Mike, and you, I, and we all know it." Dustin interrupted.

"Mike, just tell us." Will said. Mike released another groan. There was no skipping around the subject for them.

"...Fine. I got in a fight with Troy and James." His friends gasped all at once.

"Holy shit! How did you survive?! Was El with you?" asked a shocked Dustin.

"No, and none of you are going to tell her, understand?" He stared with a serious expression. They all unanimously agreed.

There was *no* way they could allow El to obliterate Troy and James (no matter how much they might deserve it) which she'd definitely do if she found out what they'd done. The four boys walked outside to fetch their bikes, keeping an eye out for El. Mike hid the ice pack in his backpack with Will looking very much worried.

"Are you sure you should be riding your bike? You can come ride with me and my mom and she can drop you off at your house." Mike shrugged off his concern, unfazed.

"I'm fine, Will. Really." Will pursed his lips, still doubtful, but they were soon cut off from their thoughts when Lucas tapped all of them on the shoulder.

"G-Guys..." he began stammering, pointing to the school entrance where Max and Eleven had just come out from. They noticed the boys immediately at the bike rack and started walking towards them, unaware of their situation. "Danger at 12 o'clock! Repeat! Danger at 12 o'clock!"

"Damn it, damn it, damn it!" cursed a frantic Dustin as he grabbed his bike in a hurry.

Gasps escaped from the girls' lips and their nonchalant expressions turned into shocked ones as they quickly noticed Mike's blackened eye and broke into a sprint.

"Forget it!" Mike turned back to Dustin, Lucas, and Will. "We're not gonna make it out in time, so let's just stick with my story, alright? *Remember*, I tripped and fell onto a desk and that's *all* that happened. Got it?" The three boys quickly nodded. Mike turned back around to see Max and El had already caught up to them.

El's hands went to her boyfriend's face, delicately cupping his cheeks. She gently circled Mike's bruise with her fingers and she looked like she was about to cry.

"What... happened...?" she squeaked out, barely audible. Mike gave her a reassuring smile and pulled her into a hug.

"Nothing. I just tripped and fell, but I'm okay now."

As if on cue, Troy and James went up to them to make fun of Mike and contradict his story. Dustin's palm flew to his face and Mike's expression sunk as soon as the two bullies came into view.

"This will not end well..." Dustin said. He, Will, and Lucas began backing up, not because of Troy and James, but because of what would inevitably happen to them.

"Hey, Frogface! That bruise I gave you is looking pretty good, isn't it? I'd call that an improvement!" Troy taunted.

With that, Mike felt El tense up and saw anger flashing in her eyes when she broke away from their hug to confront the two mouthbreathers. She purposely stomped her feet as she approached them. James immediately ran away, but Troy (like the dumb little bully he was) stood his ground, albeit clearly somewhat afraid due to his previous experiences with her.

"Aw... is Frogface being a coward and letting his weirdo girlfriend fight his battles for him?" Mike ran to embrace El from behind, trying

to restrain her.

"El, no! He's not worth it!" he pleaded. Their friends joined him in begging El not to use her powers.

She huffed angrily and released herself from Mike's grip before turning her back on Troy. Her boyfriend and friends all sighed in relief.

However, there was absolutely *no* way she was going to let Troy go unpunished. Eleven suddenly whipped her body around and threw a punch at him, making his right eye match Mike's blackened one.

"Oh!" exclaimed Dustin, his hands flying to his mouth before they curved up into a smile. Lucas and Max began snickering as well.

"Nice shot..." Will commented.

El wasn't finished as she poked a finger at Troy's chest and threatened, "Don't you *ever* touch him again, you got that?" Stricken with fear, Troy quickly nodded and fled the scene.

"That... was awesome." Max added. Mike rolled his eyes and El returned to coddling him.

"You okay, Mike?" she asked once more, cupping his cheeks again.

"I told you already. I'm fine." he answered with a smile and a nod.

"Promise?" El tilted her head to the side which he always found adorable.

"Promise."

5. Missing You

[Thanks for the reviews, favs, and follows! It always helps motivate me write more. Set to the 1984 song, "Missing You" by John Waite. Made me highly emotional while I was writing this.]

Yet another unsuccessful campaign.

The boys groaned in dissatisfaction and started putting away the game board and pieces.

"Geez, that's the third one in a row! What's gotten into you, Mike?" asked Lucas.

They could have easily won, if Mike hadn't spaced out so much during the game. Since Eleven's disappearance, this happened frequently. It seemed like he just couldn't get into it anymore without her there.

"You know exactly what's gotten into him." teased Dustin. "He misses El too much."

Mike rolled his eyes, not wanting to hear it. El was still a sore spot for him, but he was teased about her by them constantly. "Shut it, Dustin." His eyes traveled to the clock, needing an excuse. It was nearly 11pm. "It's getting late anyways." Lucas scoffed.

"Since when do you let curfew cut into playing Dungeons and Dragons?" he asked.

"Since his fair mage disappeared and left him with a void in his heart. Oh, the inhumanity!" exclaimed Dustin, razzing Mike again.

"I said shut it!" Mike clearly wasn't in the mood to be made fun of.

Will, uncomfortable with talking about El since he barely knew her and only from the stories that his friends told, grabbed Dustin's arm and pulled him to the basement exit.

"Come on, guys, let's go. My mom's gonna freak if I don't call her soon." Lucas took another glance at Mike, then turned his back on

him.

"Whatever."

Mike watched as his friends make a beeline towards the exit and leave him by his lonesome in the basement. He exhaled and turned around, heading towards the makeshift fort that he still hadn't had the heart to dismantle. He grabbed the walkie-talkie that was inside and made himself comfortable. Stretching the antenna, he powered the device on and began a nightly ritual that he started after she vanished.

"El?" he spoke in a clear tone. "Can you hear me?" There was nothing but light static.

"It's day 23. We lost... again, because of me. It's because I miss you. A lot. We miss you. Whenever we're together, it seems like all Dustin and Lucas talk about is how amazing you are and they never stop teasing me about you, the jerks." He let out a half-hearted laugh and choked back a sob. "You've never left my thoughts since that day, I swear. I think about you all the time and I worry... I wonder where you are, how you've been, what you're doing. I probably sound like a stalker now... I'm sorry. Just, please, give me a sign... Let me know if you're still out there..."

There was a momentary pause.

"Over and out." He retracted the antenna back into the walkie-talkie and put it aside. Mike laid down inside the fort, resting there for a minute or so before falling asleep.

Unbeknownst to him, in the Void, the girl he'd been calling out to laid down beside him. Her eyes looked over his sleeping form, but her hands were hesitant to touch, fearing that he and the fort would vanish. A content smile appeared on her face and she rest her head down, eyes staring at the back of his head.

"Mike."

"Eleven." he breathed in his sleep.

6. Black-out

[Oh man, another chapter. I'm churning these out like clockwork. Please continue with the reviews. It gets my morale up. It also helps me when I listen to 80's music.]

Eleven stared blankly out into the dark night sky, occasionally being lit up by flashes of lightning. It was storming outside, loud sounds of water pellets colliding with anything in their way and roaring thunder occupying the night. She was staying the night over at Mike's home since Hopper was busy backlogged with papers and would likely be working overtime. He'd usually entrust Joyce with looking after El, but El begged him to let her sleep over at Mike's instead.

His parents, Ted and Karen, were quite used to having her around by now. She took up much of their son's time afterschool and on the weekends. They were both surprised and concerned about how rapidly their relationship was progressing, but approved of her since she seemed to be the source of most of Mike's happiness and never hindered him in his academics.

Nancy, just as Mike said she would, became akin to El's sister. They'd sometimes chat endlessly about subjects Mike would much rather be left in the dark about. She gave her a lot of her old clothes that didn't fit her anymore since El seemed like she was fond of them and Nancy's fashion sense.

Similar to Nancy, Holly also became like El's little sister and (much to Mike's chagrin) developed this infuriating habit of asking Eleven to play with her when he wanted to spend time with El.

"El." She turned her head in Mike's direction, who was standing by the living room entrance. "You don't have to stay up here. You wanna come down to the basement and play a game or something?"

A smile graced her lips and she nodded. Mike stretched a hand out for her to take. She quickly got up from her position on the couch, grasped his hand, and followed him downstairs. Karen watched them with observant eyes, quick to notice how her son and El perked up when they were around each other, while Ted relaxed nonchalantly

on his recliner with Holly in his arms. Nancy simply waved to El while she passed them going upstairs.

With Eleven in the basement, Mike closed the door shut behind them. His hand flipped up the light switch and he went to search for some board games to play. He knew not to chose any of the complicated ones, like *Scrabble* or, god forbid, *Monopoly*, but took out *Connect Four* and *Snakes and Ladders*. They'd played them together before, so he didn't need to teach her how to play.

"Which one, El?" he said, placing both of the games on the table before taking a seat directly across from her. She put her finger to her mouth to ponder over it, which he found adorable.

"Hmm..." She pointed to *Connect Four*, since she lost to him the last time they played. "That one."

"Coming back for more?" he teased, putting the other game under the table for now and opening the box for *Connect Four*. She giggled at him and scooted her chair closer to the table.

"I'm ready."

Approximately 40 minutes and 9 games of *Connect Four* later, Mike could hear his name being called by his mom.

"Mike!" A sigh escaped his lips and he got up from his chair.

"I'd better go see what she wants." He looked at her and gave her a small smile. "Stay here, okay?" El replied with a somewhat nervous nod. Stormy nights like this managed to frighten her and she didn't want to stay downstairs in the basement by herself even for a moment, but she also didn't want to make him worry. "I'll be right back." he reassured her before running up the stairs.

Once again, Eleven was left alone with only the sounds of the harsh rain and thunder, drowning out whatever speech upstairs. It also didn't make her feel any better with the only lights in the room on being the one hanging above her and the nightlight in the fort.

Things were made worse when all the lights suddenly went out with a lightning strike and particularly loud roar of thunder. It made El

jolt from her seat, both her and the chair landing on the floor sideways with a thud. There was no light and her body ached. Her eyes reflexively shut tight and, when she opened them again, El found herself in the Void.

The Void was completely empty and there was nothing in sight.

"Mike?" she desperately called out. "*Mike?!?*" Alas, nothing. She screamed his name again and again, but nothing came from the darkness. "*Mike...*" She fell to her knees as tears began rolling down her cheeks.

When Mike barged back inside the basement, flashlight in hand, he found El on the floor in fetal position next to her overturned chair and raced down to see if she was okay. He scooped her up in his arms and shined his flashlight towards her from a distance.

"El! Are you alright?! Answer me!" he pleaded, shaking her gently.

Relief washed over him as her eyes opened to reveal two warm brown eyes staring back at him. He was taken aback when she suddenly wrapped her arms around him and pulled him in a tight embrace, but set his flashlight on the floor to support her with his other arm.

"Mike..."

"El, are you-" She interrupted him with a nod.

"Promise?" He raised an eyebrow, confused by her question.

"Promise what?"

"Promise to stay?"

"Promise."

With that, she dug her face into his neck and they remained that way for a good couple of minutes before they both went to sleep in the fort; El never letting go of Mike.